











AH... MY FRAM IS VERSE
GOOD DIPLOMAT! I TEENK
EE STOP DE DUL... NEBBS...
YUR CISCO... EE FEEL!

WHO-OO?



... MY
AMICO...
CISCO?

CISCO? OH?



OO 'WAY
PEPTA! I SAW
SEN FIRST!

LADDEZ!
PULLEZZ!

— IT WAS
I, SENOR
CISCO!

THESE CISCO,
DON PEDRO--
A GAMET



HO-HO! DE MOS! COMICAL
TEENK! HO-HO! CISCO PERK
DE OU GENTLEMEN'S FIGHT...
NOW DE TWO SENORITAS
MAK' FIGHT OVER HEEAN!



ENAME! YOU TWO
GIRLS FIGHTING OVER
A MAN!

I THINK NOW
CISCO TAKE A
WALK!

LISTEN
GRAN PAPA--
I HAVE AN
IDEA!



'AY!' 'ALT, SENOR
CISCO, OR WE SHOOT!
— RETURN!

MAYBE
BETWEEN
THE TWO
THEY MIGHT
HIT ME!

?

SEÑOR CISCO, WE HAVE AN IDEA THAT YOU CAN HELP OUR GRANDFATHERS IN THEIR PREDICAMENT... YOU MUST HAVE A WAY WITH WOMEN!

IN FACT, WE INSIST, SEÑOR! DO AS WE ASK OR WE SHOOT--

ANY FART FRIEND, WHY YOU LAUGH? WHAT IS SO FUNNY?

HO! HO! YOU NOT THINK SO, CISCO? NO-HO! NA-NAN!

YOU HEARD WHAT THEY INSIST I DO... GO TO SENORITA CONCHITA AND MAKE HER CHOOSE BETWEEN THEM!

NO-HO! THAT'S BET! THERE'S THE FIRST TIME CISCO PLAY CUPID FOR SOME-ONE ELSE!

COME ALONG, SEÑOR CISCO, OR ELSE--

DON PEDRO AND I CANNOT DELAY LONGER!

...AND SO THE CAVALCADE ARRIVES AT THE SUNBAKED LITTLE VILLAGE WHERE THE MUCH FOUGHT OVER SENORITA CONCHITA LIVES--

CHEER UP, CISCO, AMIGO... SENORITA CONCHITA IS A PRETTY ONE, I BET YOU!

I DON'T CARE SO LONG AS I GET OVER THIS!

WE WISH TO SPEAK TO SENORITA CONCHITA... WILL YOU CALL HER?

AH... I AM CONCHITA... WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU--TEE-EE-- HANDSOME SEÑORS?

AND SO YOU SEE, SENORITA... IF YOU DO NOT CHOOSE ONE OF YOUR LOVERS, THEY WILL KILL ME... AND WHAT THEN OF THOSE WHO LOVE ME?

OH, HOW SAD... VERY WELL, I SHALL DECIDE--

AND QUICKLY, SENORITA...



FOR FIFTEEN YEARS I'VE TRIED TO DECIDE...BUT NOW I KNOW WHICH IS THE ONLY ONE FOR ME--

--AND HE IS NEITHER DON PEDRO OR DON ANQUEL--

OH!

OH!

?



AH...I WAS AFRAID SO...SHE MEANS MY CISCO!

...MY CISCO! OH, DEAR...SHE COULDN'T RESIST EEAH!



AH...BUT NO!! CISCO, EE BES NOT CONCHITA'S TYPE!



BUT, YES! IT IS ZEE CHARMING DON PANCHITO LAWEE!

CEESCO! SAVE ME!!



BUT YOU ARE MY TYPE...

SHE MEANS MY TYPE...

OH-OH!



ALL THE TIME YOU WANT WOMEN TO LOVE YOU, PANCHITO... NOW YOU RUN AWAY!

EVEN IF SHE COULD COOK TORTILLAS...I COULD NOT LOVE THAT ONE!

Killer's Nemesis!

DETECTIVE
ADVENTURE IN PICTURES



THE SHARP SPACED OF STEEL-
NORSED BULLETS CRACK THROUGH
THE AIR, AND HERBERT GLORIA
WENTWORTH IS SWATCHED INTO THE
WAITING SEDAN...HER BODYGUARD
RUTHLESSLY SLAIN...

SHORTLY AFTER...
DEVIL DARRRELL,
AGE 34-MAN,
TAKEN OVER...



WHAM! THIS
MARRONCH!
THE FOLLOWS
THEM!



AND SO, LATER...

THERE THEY ARE!
TO BETTER DO AND
INVESTIGATE!



GOT
YUN!

USING HIS JIU-
JITSU TRAINING
TO ITS BEST
ADVANTAGE
DEVIL SOON
TURN THE TIDE...



DON'T BE FRONTI-
ERED, MISS
WENTWORTH! I'M
DARRRELL OF THE
DEPARTMENT
OF JUSTICE!



SOMEONE AT
THE DOOR! OUT
THIS WINDOW,
BLURRY! WAIT
FOR ME
OUTSIDE!



QUICKLY DISCARDING A
GAMSTER, DARRRELL
USERS HIM AS A
SHIELD, BUT A BULLET
FINDS ITS MARK...



KEEP SHOOTING!
HERE COMES CARNON!
WITH THE RANSOM!

DROP THAT
GUN, KILLER!

HEY! IT
AIN'T—IT'S
THE COPE!



THERE'S YOUR KIDNAPPER
AND KILLER, SERGEANT!
CHECK HIS GUN, AND YOU'LL
FIND IT HOLDS THE SAME
BULLETS THAT ALLED MISS
WENTWORTH'S
BODYGUARD!



SUPER

BABY



SUPERWOMEN, WONDERMEN,
CAPTAINS, COLONELS, THEN ADMIRALS,
PRIVATEES, LOONIES, CORPORALS, TOO!
CHEER OUT LOUD... AND SO WILL YOU...
**BECAUSE SUPER BABY
HAS SUPER DO!!**



IT ALL STARTED THIS WAY...

SO MANY TESTS, TO NO AVAL...
I ALWAYS TRY AND ALWAYS FAIL...
ALL I WANT IS TO GROW HAIR...
ON CRANIUMS COMPLETELY
BARE!



THO FOR INVENTS THINGS THAT ARE NEW...
AT TIMES HE IS A MOTHER, TOO!

THAT BABY'S YOWLS
WILL DRIVE ME WHACKY...
HE MUST BE HUNGRY
BY CRACKY!





BABY DRINKS SO PEACEFULLY...
UNAWARE OF WHAT'S TO BE...

LISTEN TO THAT
BABY CHIRP...
WHEN SUDDENLY
OUT COMES A...

SLURP!



SOMETHING STRANGE
HAS COME ABOUT...
I SHOULD BE IN...
BUT HERE I'M OUT!!

SOMETHING'S HAPPENED-
I DON'T KNOW MAYBE...
I HAVE BECOME A
SUPER BABY!



BACK TO BED I'D
BETTER GET...
DAD MUSTN'T KNOW
ABOUT THIS YET!



HEY! A ROBBER-HE'S
GOT SOME CALL...
HE'S CHOPPING UP OUR
BRAND NEW WALL!



THIS CALLS FOR ACTION
I SURMISE...
BUT FIRST I'LL PUT
ON THIS DISGUISE!



BEG PARDON, SIR-
LEND ME YOUR EAR!
I'D LIKE TO KNOW
WHAT GOES ON HERE!



PARENTS! IT'S JUST A TINY KID...
YA GAVE ME QUITE A SCARE, YIDD!
NOW SCRAM BEFORE YOUR
INTEREST GROWS...
OR FORCED I'LL BE TO
BREAK YER NOSE!



I GUESS IT'S TIME
I START TO WORK-
TAKE THAT...
FROM ME TO YOU,
YOU JERK!



YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY
WITH THAT---
I'LL TEAR YOU LIMB FROM
LIMB, YOU BRAT!



AND AS THE THUG LET'S GO
A ROCK---
HE LEARNS THAT BABY'S
HARD AS ROCK!



WHILE THE ROBBER
YELLS IN PAIN--



AN IDEA TAKES PLACE
IN HIS BRAIN!

IF FOR MY JIBBS
THIS KID'LL FALL--
HE'LL HELP ME BUST
RIGHT THROUGH
THE WALL!



SUPER BABY? SUPER, MAYBE!
NYAAH-NYAAH-NYAAH--
YOU LITTLE SHRIMP!

JUST FOR THAT,
YOU GREAT BIG
BULLY--
IN YOUR CHIN
I'LL PUT A
CRIMP!



HA-HU!

SEE...
MY LITTLE CHUM?
THIS ROBBER BOY
IS NOT SO DUMB!

A WALL HAS TWO SIDES,
AS YOU CAN SEE--
BUT THIS IS THE SIDE
THAT INTERESTS ME!

SINCE THE BANK
VAULT
INTERESTS YOU--
THIS IS WHERE
I'LL LET YOU
STEW!



FIRST I'LL PUT
THIS WALL
IN PLACE--

I CAN'T GET
OUT--
OH, WHAT
DISGRACE!



IN MINUTES
FEW...
IN COME THE
COPS--
AS INTO BED
OUR BABY
FLOPS!



THIS ROBBER SAYS
YOUR LITTLE KID
LOCKED HIM IN THE
VAULT, HE DID!

TAKE HIM AWAY
--THE OLING A
PHONEY!

AND THEN HE
PASTED UP
THE WALL--
AND FOR THE COPS
I HAD TO CALL!

WHAT HE SAYS
IS ALL BALONEY!
FROM THE ROOM
I NEVER HAD NO
PEEP--
MY BABY DEAR
HAD BEEN FAST
ASLEEP!



NO MORE AT LAWS THIS
THUD WILL SCOFF--
WHEN THIS BURGLAR BELL
GOES OFF!



XMAS IN MEXICO

By WALTER GARDENER

PANCHO looked up at the night sky. The stars looked close enough to grab. He sighed. If only he could do that, his problem would be solved. For, here it was the night before Christmas and never had he and Cisco been in such hot water. There was that little matter of the bank. Was it their fault that the cashier had had funny ideas about the money in the bank?

No. Of course not. Any idiot who held onto money in the face of a gun was a fool and deserved a light love tap on the head.

But the authorities had taken a different view of their little prank. They were, thought Pancho, 'Hot as a tortilla.' And still the best was off the matter of getting a Xmas present was little involved.

Pancho got to his feet. No use trying to use the bank's money. That might lead to a little trouble. No. There must be some other way to get Cisco a present.

Pancho's eye flicked over his gun. A beauty it was. Pearl handled and accurate as the very devil.

He looked at the gun again. Yes. That was it!

He walked off into the night. Soon, but not too soon, for he had had to walk into town. Cisco was off somewhere with their only horse, he arrived in town.

He paused in the tiny Mexican alley. It was narrow, and best of all, dark. He pulled his scrape close around him and ducked into the little store. The owner looked up. He rubbed his hands together.

"Ah," said the owner of the store. "And what is your pleasure, *señor*? You would like to buy a little something for a fair one? A mantilla, maybe . . . or a comb for her raven black hair?"

He stopped abruptly as he saw Pancho draw out the pearl handled gun. He raised his hands in horror. "Not," he quavered, "not a holdup tonight! Not on Christmas Eve!"

Pancho shook his head no, and said, "Be quiet, imbecile. I would make an exchange. Yes?"

The owner said, "You would like to make an exchange? I say no! No . . . go or I will call the . . ."

Pancho sighed. Life was so difficult. Here he had walked all this way just to be nice and this fellow was not letting him be nice.

Pancho said, "You have little choice.

Either you exchange this beautiful gun for a bridle, suitably ornamented with silver or . . ."

The owner gulped and pulled a lovely horse's bridle off the wall. He said, "Señor, I but jeited. Of course. I would be only too glad to exchange this worthless bridle for that so beautiful gun. Here. Take it and go. Please señor. Go. . ."

Pancho went. But not till he had taken the bullets out of his gun. He threw his gun to the man grabbed the bridle and stilled out into the night. Behind him, the owner raised his voice. "Help!" he called. I have been set upon by thieves. Help. . ."

Pancho disappeared into the velvety black of the alley. Soon the hard concrete of the town gave way to the soft sand of the desert. Pancho drew his first deep breath.

That had been too close for comfort. A policeman had barely missed falling over him as he had crouched in the alley.

But now all was well. He was in the desert, his home. And ahead, at a small, discreet camp fire he could see the Cisco Kid.

"Otle, otle," called Pancho. "You are back just in the nick of time. I have a small something for you."

Cisco's lean handsome face split in a smile. "And I," he said, "have a small something for you. I am sorry it is not wrapped but I had a little trouble getting it for you. I had to move a trifle rapidly!"

They both smiled at each other as they handed each other their Christmas presents. The smiles froze and then faded.

Cisco looked at the bridle and said, "It is beautiful."

Pancho looked at his present, the loveliest ammunition belt he had ever seen. He gulped. Now if he only had a gun for the belt all would be well. But, it was gone.

Cisco felt the bridle. He ran it through his hands and said, "Pancho this is the most beautiful present I ever got. There is only one small drawback. I swapped my horse for the belt, for you!"

Their faces were long and solemn for a moment. Then they both burst out laughing. Cisco said, "There will be more horses and more guns, Pancho! There are the best presents in the world, for they were bought with what we loved best. . ."

ILLUSTRATED STORIES OF THE OPERAS

FAUST

OUR STORY OPENS IN A SMALL EUROPEAN VILLAGE DURING THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY... WE ENTER THE STUDY OF DR. FAUST, AGED PHILOSOPHER, WHO HAS GROWN WEARY OF LIFE, AND OF THE VAIN SEARCH FOR THE SOURCE OF ALL KNOWLEDGE...



AND AFTER MANY YEARS OF CONSISTENT FAILURES... FAUST CONCLUDED THAT WHAT HE HAD SOUGHT WAS BEYOND HIM...



TIRE AND AGAIN HE HAD THOUGHT TO END HIS EXISTENCE BY TAKING POISON, BUT ALWAYS THERE WAS THE MERRY VOICES OF MAIDENS SINGING...

ENRAGED BY HIS LACK OF WILL POWER, HE SEIZED A GLASS VIAL AND FILLED IT WITH THE DEADLY MIXTURE...



CURSING ALL THAT WAS GOOD AND CALLING UPON THE EVIL ONE TO AID HIM... FAUST LIFTED THE GLASS, AND...

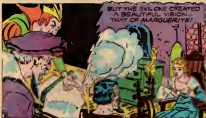
IT WAS MEPHISTOPHELES OFFERING GOLD... GLORY... POWER... BUT THE AGED DOCTOR DECLINED...



BUT YOUTH IS WHAT FAUST CRAVED... AND THAT IS WHAT MEPHISTOPHELES PROMISED HIM... IF FAUST WOULD SIGN A PACT THAT IN THE HEREAFTER BELOW, HE WOULD BECOME THE SLAVE OF MEPHISTOPHELES! FAUST HESITATED...



BUT THE EVIL ONE CREATED A BEAUTIFUL VISION... THAT OF MARGUERITE!



THE VISION DECIDED FAUST! HE SIGNED THE PACT...



OUR SCENE CHANGES TO THE TOWN FAIR, WHERE THE EVIL ONE HAS TAKEN THE "YOUNG" FAUST TO SEEK HIS LOVE, MARGUERITE...



AND WAS INSTANTLY TRANSFORMED INTO A YOUNG AND HANDSOME MAN...



BUT MARGUERITE WAS BUSY SIDDING
GOOD BYE TO HER BROTHER VALENTINE...
WHO WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR THE
WARS... HE COMMENDS HIS SISTER TO
THE CARE OF SEBEL, WHO SECRETLY
ADORED HER...



ALL BUT MARGUERITE RETIRE TO THE
VILLAGE TAVERN TO CELEBRATE...THE
EVIL ONE, SEEING A CHANCE TO
CAUSE TROUBLE, FOLLOWS...



...AND WITH ONE MIGHTY BOUND
HE LEAPED ONTO THE TABLE...



...AND WITH ONE BLOW OF HIS
SWORD THE FEND CAUSED A FERY
LIQUOR TO FLOW MIRACULOUSLY
FROM THE BARREL, AND PROPOSED
A TOAST TO MARGUERITE...
VALENTINE RESENTED THE INSULT,
AND DREW HIS SWORD...



VALENTINE HELD HIS CRUCIFORM SWORD-
HILT TOWARD MEPHISTOPHELES, WHO
SPED AWAY FROM THE HOLY SYMBOL...



...BUT HIS
SWORD WAS
BROKEN IN
HIS HAND...



THEN FAUST TOOK HIS LOVE
MATTERS INTO HIS OWN HANDS...
HE PUSHED HIS WAY THROUGH
THE CROWD...



...AND OFFERED TO ESCORT
MARGUERITE TO HER HOME...
BUT SHE TIMIDLY DECLINED
HIS ASSISTANCE...



...LEAVING HIM ENARMORED OF
HER BEAUTY! BUT THE FIEND WAS
FAR FROM BEATEN...HE ORDERED
FAUST TO FOLLOW, FOR HE HAD
THE PERFECT PLAN TO BRING
THEM TOGETHER...



...BUT
AS THEY
REACHED
THE HOUSE
THEY SAW SIBEL...
ABOUT TO LEAVE
A NOSEDAY AT
MARGUERITE'S DOORSTEP...



...AND PLACED IT NEAR
SIBEL'S NOSEDAY OFFERING...

WHEN MARGUERITE
ARRIVED WITH HER
NEIGHBOR, MARTHA...
SHE SPIED THE
GIFT-LADEN DOORWAY...



LAUGHING AT
THE FUNY TOKEN,
MSPHISTOPHELES
DREW FROM
INSIDE HIS CLOAK
A CASKET
OF PRECIOUS
JEWELS...



QUICKLY SHE LIFTED
THE BOUQUET...
AND IT WAS THEN
SHE FIRST SAW THE
TREASURE...



NEVER BEFORE HAD SHE SEEN SUCH PRICELESS JEWELS... SO AWED WAS SHE WITH THEIR SPARKLING BEAUTY, SHE COULD NOT RESIST THE DESIRE TO ADORN HERSELF WITH THEM...



WHILE THIS OCCURRED, FAUST AND HIS EVIL ALLY APPEARED...

MUCH TIME PASSED, AND FAUST HAD DESERTED MARGUERITE AND THEIR CHILD... AND TO THE SCORN OF HER FORMER COMPANIONS...



AND WHILE FAUST PLEADED HIS PASSION'S CAUSE SUCCESSFULLY WITH MARGUERITE, THE EVIL ONE ENGAGED MARTHA IN CONVERSATION...



GIESEL ALONE WAS FAITHFUL, AND SPOKE COMFORTING WORDS... BUT WORDS COULD NOT COMFORT ONE WHOSE EVERY THOUGHT WAS FILLED WITH DEMONS...



AROUSSED, HE RUSHED TO THE HOUSE TO FIND MEPHISTOPHELES AND FAUST SMOKING AN INSULTING GERENADE UNDER HIS SISTER'S WINDOW... DRAWING HIS SWORD, HE CHALLENGED FAUST TO A DUEL...



JUST THEN, VALENTINE RETURNED FROM THE WARS... AND IT WAS THEN THAT HE HEARD THE EVIL STORIES OF HIS SISTER'S CONDITION...





AND SOON BOTH WERE
ENGAGED IN A LIFE AND
DEATH STRUGGLE...



BUT VALENTINE DID
NOT KNOW THAT HE
FOUGHT NOT ONLY
WITH RAULST... BUT
WITH THE DEVIL, TOO!
AND SOON...

DYING, HE CURSED MARGUERITE, WHO
HAD COME TO HIS SIDE... AND ACCUSED
HER OF BRINGING HIM TO HIS END...



MARGUERITE, HER REASON SHAKEN
BY HER MISFORTUNES, HAS
KILLED HER CHILD... AND FOR
THIS CRIME SHE WAS CONDEMNED
TO DIE...



RAULST PLEADED WITH
MARGUERITE TO FLY
WITH HIM... BUT HER
POOR MIND COULD NOT
GRASP THE SITUATION...

BUT AT THE SIGHT
OF THE EVIL ONE,
SHE TURNED FROM
HIM IN HORROR...
FELL TO HER KNEES
AND IMPLORED THE
MERCY OF HEAVEN!



AS SHE DROPPED IN DEATH,
MEPHISTOPHELES PRONOUNCED
HER DAMNED... BUT A HEAVENLY
VOICE PROCLAIMED HER PARDONED!

THE END.

YOU'LL DIE LAUGHING . . .

By BRUCE ELLIOTT

FUNNYMAN'S horrible face became of anything, more horrible, as he thought of a joke. A very practical joke. He would put that upstart of a detective in his place! First he had to get . . .

The detective looked at the note. It said: "If you want to catch Funnyman, go to the Hotel Grand and ask for room 13. Wait there. . . . A friend."

Room 13 looked much like any other room in any cheap hotel anywhere. The only thing was the peculiar way the desk clerk had looked at him when he had asked for that specific room. The detective thought. From the way the clerk acted you would have thought the blasted room was haunted. Well, he wasn't interested in ghosts, although he'd give his right arm to make sure that Funnyman was made into a ghost by the state executioner.

Was the room a trap? Who was the note from? The detective shrugged. If it WAS a trap, he was ready for it. He looked around the room and realized there was no water. He rang for the bellboy. The service was what he expected. It took about twenty minutes for the boy to come and then another twenty before he got the no water.

He tapped the boy. The boy looked over his shoulder and said, "Look Mac. You gave me a tip. Now I'll give you one! Get outta this room. It's haunted. Two guys have knocked themselves off here!"

The detective smiled and said, "Thanks son, but I think I'll stay."

The boy shrugged his shoulders and left. The detective grinned as he turned out the lights. He lay on his bed and looked at the ceiling. It was so dark he could barely see it. "Ghosts," he thought, "pack of Tommy-ent!"

But . . . if there were no such things as ghosts what was that peculiar hissing sound?

He hounded out of bed only to find sprawling on some vague amorphous shape. It was huge. It seemed to fill the whole room. He tore at it with his fingers but to no avail. He shivered. The thing, whatever it was, felt smooth and rubbery. . . .

Something, it sounded like the bureau, fell over on the floor with a crash. Outside the room on the fire escape, Funnyman watched. His scarred face grinned more diabolically than usual. It wouldn't be long now!

In the room the detective felt the first

puling fingers of panic trace an eerie pattern on his spine.

Whatever the soft smooth thing was, it was getting bigger and bigger every minute. It was no longer quite so soft. It was backing him against the wall now. Part of the soft part of it was closing over his face.

He tore at it with his finger nails. As he did so, he felt their horror course through him as he heard Funnyman's mocking voice say, "Some fun, eh kid? I'll bet you'll die laughing!"

The thing was bigger now. All the furniture in the room was crushed and broken against the wall.

The strangling part of the soft thing closed over the detective's face. It covered his mouth. His nostrils were covered now. No use to gasp for breath. There was no more air for his tortured lungs. Everything got black. His body relaxed as he died. But it could not fall to the ground for the soft enveloping thing, hard as cement now, jammed his dead body against the wall and would not let it drop.

Outside, on the fire escape, Funnyman, at the window, which was locked on the inside so that there was only about a foot of open space, laughed quietly, diabolically. He turned off a gauge. He thought, "Just wait till the cops come looking for the detective tomorrow and have to break down a door that's locked on the inside, find a window that's only open about a foot and then, let the cops try and figure out what crushed the furniture and smothered their hero to death! Ho, ho."

The hissing sound which had heralded the appearance of the monster that had killed the detective, was renewed as Funnyman allowed the gas to escape from the huge balloon which he had stuffed thru the opening in the window. He released the mouth of the balloon from the gas tank next to him. The balloon in the room was no longer hard. It had done its foul work. As the gas escaped, it deflated. Funnyman drew it through the opening in the window. Before he left he sealed one of his cards with his motto . . . "You'll die laughing" into the room.

Then, his deadly work done for the night, he left. . . .

The following day the bell boy told curious reporters . . . "I warned him! I told him! I told him there was a ghost in that room. He's the third guy that's died in there. . . ."

FUNNYMAN

HA-HA!

HO! HO!

HA! HA!

HO!

HA! HA!

HO!

HA!

"YOU'LL DIE LAUGHING!!"

LAUGHTER IS THE ONE THING THAT MAN POSSESSES AND ANIMALS DON'T! THEREFORE, IT IS ONE OF THE GIFTS OF THE GODS! IMAGINE, THEN, A MAN SO DEPRIVED OF HUMANITY THAT HE LAUGHS...AS HE KILLS HIS VICTIMS WITH LAUGHTER!--THAT IS FUNNYMAN!!!

THE VILLAGE BARBER SHOP...LET OFF MAIN STREET...A TYPICAL OUTHOUSE PLACE FOR MEN TO SPIN THEIR WIGS...

FOR A BARBER, YOU'RE SOME GUY, DEAD PAN! DON'T YOU EVER RELAX THAT FROZEN FACE?

BAH! I USED TO LAUGH UNTIL I MET THE MAN WHO LAUGHED AND SAID... THIS'LL KILL YOU!--AND HE MEANT IT!



SOUNDS LIKE
A FAIRY
TALE BARBER-
MAN...WHAT'S
THE GAG?

GAG? NOBREE,
SON--THE
WAS DEAD
SERIOUS--IT
HAPPENED
LAST YEAR WHILE
YOU WERE IN
THE ARMY!

WELL, SON,
TO BETTER
START FROM
THE BEGINNING
WHEN THIS
FAIRY TALE
AS YOU PUT
IT, STARTED!

AN ENEMY SUB REACHED
JUST OUTSIDE THE TOWN!

HO-HO! AMERICA! A NEW
LAND IN WHICH I CAN
WORK...A LAND WHERE I
CAN MAKE PEOPLE
LAUGH!

I STILL CAN'T
UNDERSTAND WHY
BEE FLIESHER GAVE
YOU PERMISSION
TO USE HIS ESCAPE
U-BOAT? IT'S VERY
CONFUSING, UNLIKE
OUR GREAT
LEADER!

HO-HO! THIS'LL
KILL YOU! I FORGOT
THAT NOTE A ORDER
TO GET AWAY FROM
GERMANY! WAIT
TILL HITLER
FINDS OUT!

WAIT A MINUTE,
DEAD MAN! THIS
FUNNYMAN--
WHY DID HE
ALWAYS LAUGH?

THAT'S PART OF
THE STORY...A
NONE TOO
PLEASANT PART!

BEFORE
FUNNYMAN
LEFT
GERMANY,
HE WAS
ONE OF
THE
MOST
SKILLED
TORTURERS
IN
THE
GESTAPO!

THERE IS ONE SPOT ON
THE RIBE WHERE A WHIP
WILL SEND ON PAROXYSMS
OF LAUGHTER! WATCH...

SOMEDAY THE PEOPLE
WILL MAKE YOU LAUGH...
FROM THE OTHER SIDE
OF YOUR FACE!

"AND THAT DAY DID COME... THE PEOPLE DID GET HIM AND WHEN THEY WERE THROUGH WITH HIM... HE LOOKED LIKE THIS..."



THERE THEY MADE A MISTAKE! INSTEAD OF KILLING HIM, THEY JUST CARVED THE LAUGH INTO HIS FACE!



"AND HE DID! FOR IN NO TIME HE HEADED A GANG OF CRIMINALS!"

HERE IS OUR NEW WEAPON! GAS!

WAIT A MINUTE, RUNYMAN! YOU'RE THE BOMB, BUT IF WE KILL PEOPLE WITH GAS, WE'LL HAVE THE FEEDS DOWN ON US!



"SO IT WAS THAT HE GOT AWAY AS I SAID, HE GOT TO THIS COUNTRY...HE LANDED RIGHT NEAR HERE..."

I WILL BRING LAUGHTER TO THIS COUNTRY! AH... I WILL HAVE A WONDERFUL TIME!



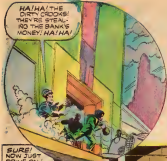
POOL! THIS IS LAUGHING GAS! THEY'LL LAUGH WHILE WE PLUNDER THEM! I HAVE OUR GAS MASKS ALL READY! PREPARE!



HA!
HA!
HO!

HO! HO! HO!
THEY'RE
ROBBING
THE BANK!
HA! HA!





HA/HA! THE DIRTY CROOKS! THEY'RE STEALING THE BANK'S MONEY! HA/HA!



WE MUST HAVE GRABBED MORE THAN A HUNDRED GRAND!

IT WAS FUNNY SEEING THEM LAUGH AS WE ROBBED THEM BLIND! BUT ARE YOU SURE THEY'LL BE ALL RIGHT?



SURE! NOW JUST DRIVE ON! WE'LL MEET LATER AND DIVIDE THE SPOILS!

OKAY! IF YOU SAY THE GAS WILL WEAR OFF, I GUESS THEY'LL RECOVER!



SURE...THEY'LL BE ALL RIGHT! JUST LIKE YOU'LL BE WHEN THE TIME BOMB GOES OFF! HO/HO/HO!



HA/HA! THE IDIOTS! THEY REALLY THOUGHT I'D SPLIT THE LOOT WITH THEM! HO/HO/HO!

THE EFFECTS OF THE GAS NEVER WORE OFF! THE PEOPLE WHO HAD INHALED IT LAUGHED UNTIL THEY DIED!



UGH! WHAT A HORRIBLE WAY TO DIE! WHAT HAPPENED NEXT?



"I HAD JUST BECOME ESTABLISHED AT THIS TIME...ONE DAY AFTER THE BANK ROBBERY TWO MEN CAME IN TO SEE ME..."

WE'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO YOU!

AS A BARBER YOU HAVE A CHANCE TO SEE EVERY MAN IN TOWN! WE WANT YOU TO TRY AND REMEMBER A MAN WHO NEVER COMES IN HERE!

NEVER COMES HERE? I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

THIS FUNKYMAN DIDN'T LEAVE TOWN...SO HE'S STILL HERE, BUT DISGUISED! HE WOULDN'T DARE ALLOW HIS DISGUISED FACE TO BE SHAVED...SO WE WANT YOUR HELP!

I SEE...

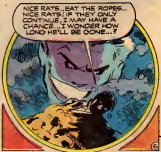
"SO I WATCHED MY CUSTOMERS... AND ONE DAY..."

HAIR CUT!
NO BOO ON THE HAIR!
NO SHAVE AND MAKEIT SNAPPY!

...NEVER SEEN THIS MAN BEFORE!
WE NEED A HAIRCUT... I WONDER...

...I WONDERED IF I COULD RISK IT!--I PRETENDED I DIDN'T HEAR HIM SAY "NO SHAVE!"...

HEY! DU VERDAMPPTE... I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS!



THE RATE FREED ME! I WENT
UPSTAIRS AND SAW FUNNY-
MAN NEAR THE BRIDGE...
EVIDENTLY HE'D BURIED HIS
LOOT THERE. I SNEAKED
OUT, NOT KNOWING THAT
HELP WAS NEAR...THE GUYER
HAD TRAILED US.



THE
FRIEND!
Hahah...



NO.. DON'T!
I CAN'T
SWIM!

HOLD
IT!



HE NEVER CAME UP
AGAIN! AND THE LOOT
WAS GONE...THERE
WAS NOTHING
UNDER THE LOOSE
PLANKS!

BRRR...
WHAT A
STORY...
I'M GLAD
HE'S DEAD!



HEY, DEAD RAN! LOOK!
I GRADUATED FROM
BARBER COLLEGE! I
TOOK A CORRESPON-
DENCE COURSE! CAN
I GIVE ANYBODY A
FREE SHAVE?

NOW YOU HAVE
COMPETITION,
DEAD RAN!
THANKS FOR
THE STORY
AND SO-LO-NG!



A FINE THING! I WORK
AND STUDY, AND NOBODY
WILL LET ME SHAKE 'EM
OR GIVE 'EM A HARBOUR!
SEE YOU LATER,
DEAD RAN!

DON'T MAKE
IT TOO SOON,
LAD...I'LL
TAKE MY
NAP NOW!



NOW'S MY CHANCE! I'LL ONE
DEAD RAN A SHAKE AND
THEN WHEN HE SEES HOW
GOOD I AM... HE'LL ONE
ME A JOB!



WHY? WHAT HAPPENED? I
NEVER SAW DEAD RAN
SHAKE BEFORE! IT...IT'S
NOT DEAD RAN! IT'S
HELP!!

HELP!!



BUT IF
YOU ARE
FUNNY-
MAN...WHO
DROWNED
IN THE
RIVER?

A CUSTOMER...A TRAMP
WITH NO RELATIONS! I
MADE UP HIS FACE LIKE
MINE...WAITED FOR THE
G-MEN TO ARRIVE...AND
THREW HIM IN THE
RIVER!



BUT YOUR
STORY
ABOUT THE
TORTURE...

LIES OF COURSE! I
TORTURED THE TRAMP!
WHY DO YOU THINK THEY
NEVER FOUND THE LOOT?
BECAUSE I HAVE IT...
HO/HO! I HAD TO LAUGH
WHEN THE G-MEN ASKED
ME TO LOOK FOR ME!
I REALIZED THEY WOULD
THINK OF THAT...THAT'S
WHY I BECAME
A BARBER!



YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME...
GOOD BYE...I'LL SEE YOU
SOON, AND WHEN I DO...
YOU'LL DIE LAUGHING...
ALL OF YOU...





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•
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References

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CISCO KID

100



IT ISN'T EVERY DAY THAT THE SHERIFF
GIVES A SEND-OFF TO ANYONE LIKE
THIS...UNLESS IT'S THE CISCO KIND
AND HE EVER-EAT-N'GAL BANCHEM

HURRY, RANCHO!
I DO NOT THINK
THE SHERIFF LIVES
YOUR COMPANY.

044,000

DROD OUT YORE SPURS AN' TEN-
GALLON SOMBRERO, NEIGHBORS!
WITCH YORE HAD TUN THE RAIL! SIT
DOWN AN' TAKE A LOAD OFFEN
YORE PERT! TAKE A CHAN OFFEN
A PLUG O' TERBACKY! CAUSE...THE
BELT IN REAL TIGHT, AN' HE AINT
CISCO KID IN COMIN', AN' HE AINT
GOT NO TIME TO HESS WITH NO
SMALL-FRY, SMALL-CHANGE! WHAR
THAR'S TROUBLE...THAR'S CISCO...
WHAR THAR'S A PURTY SENCORITA...
THAR'S CISCO! AN' WHAR THAR'S
CISCO...THAR'S THAT EVER-LOVIN'
TORTILLA-EATIN', FAT AN'
LAZY PANCHO!

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POOR PANCHO...HE RIDE SO SLOW AND THE SHERIFF'S BULLETS COME SO FAST...I MUST DO SOMETHING QUICK TO SAVE HIM!

CISCO!
THEY COME!
GO!!

HI, PANCHO!
I HAVE ONE
BRIGHT IDEA!
WATCH MEN
AND DO AS
I SAY--NOW
COME...RIDE,
PANCHO,
RIDE!!

YOU SAVE
ME FROM DE
NOT LEAD.I
MAKE YOU NICE
HOT TORTILLAS
KEED...

YOU SEE? NOW YOU
RIDE ON A LITTLE...
THEN BRING BACK
MY HORSE!

HOWAY, CISCO!
BUT BE
CAREFUL!

HURRY, MY
BRAVE SHERIFF,
AND CISCO WILL
SHOW YOU HOW
TO HANDLE
A ROPE!

HEY!
WHUT THE--
WHO?

I ONE YOU
THREE GUESSES,
SHERIFF!

WE'RE GAINING ON
'EM...THE VARMINTS!

CARNBARN 'EM...
MISSED AGAIN! BUT
WE'LL NAIL 'EM IN
THEM WOODS,
SHERIFF!



IT'S YOU, HUH? YOU
DAD BLASTED FUR,
CISCO!

MY DEAR SHERIFF!
SUCH MANNERS!!



CUT US DOWN, CISCO, OR
I'LL SEE YO' HANDIN' FROM
ONE OF THESE LIMBS!

TSK, TSK! IF
YOU SAY IT THAT
WAY, MAYBE I
LEAVE NOW!



AW, NOW, SAY CISCO--DON'T GO!
YOU CAN'T LEAVE US BE LIKE THIS--
ER...CAN'T WE TALK THIS OVER?



VERY GOOD,
SHERIFF, I
ACCEPT YOUR
APOLOGY...
NOW TELL
CISCO WHY
YOU CHASE
HIM WITH
BULLETS...

YOU KNOW BLASTED
WELL WHY--EVERY TIME
YOU COME INTO TOWN,
TROUBLE STARTS!



TROUBLE? ME?
WHY, SHERIFF...
WHAT DID CISCO
DO NOW?

ONLY BROKE THE HEART OF
EVERY OAL IN TOWN,
THAT'S ALL! EVERY MAN'S
GOT THE 'YNCHIN' SPIRIT
AGIN' YUH!



IT IS ONE BIG
LIE, SHERIFF!
I SWEAR BY
LOUISE... BY
MARCIA... BY
CAROLINE... BY
SUZANNE... BY
MOLLY, BY--

AND SO FORTH
EH? --YOU STAY
OUTTA THIS TOWN,
OR I'LL LET 'EM
STRING YOU UP!